

THE

CO - G R - S S

Co - g - o - s of Altes

A S S E S.

*That Ship's sure reduc'd to a pitiful Case,
Whose Helm's to be steer'd by an Owl or an Ass.*



Printed for BAKER, and Sold by the Tribe of ISACHAR.

Co - g - ls of Asses.

IN Days of Yore, when Beasts and Birds
Had Right of Speech, and utter'd Words,
When ev'ry Plant and Tree and Fruit
Could raise and manage a Dispute,

And wind a Topic as they wou'd,
By Dint of *Figure* and by *Mood*.

'Twas then the *Lion*, Beast of Prey,
Who still kept *Underlings* in Pay
To scour the Forest, and proclaim

The Dread and Terror of his Name),
Commenc'd a Quarrel, and wou'd fain
Engross the Empire of the Plain.

A *Neighbouring Beast* who thought it hard,
Resolv'd to stand upon his Guard,

And in Defiance to his Foe,
Essay what Strength of Arms could do;
Both sound to Battle, both engage,
The *Lion* thunder'd out his Rage,

Lodg'd some *Confederates* in *Deniles*,
And seiz'd a *Fals* by Tricks and Wiles:
Fortune, that turns Things upside down,
Gives Kings a Prison, Slaves a Crown,
Deserts the *Master* of the Soil,
And leaves the *Lion* with the Spoil,
In this, as most things else, confess
The common *Jist* of Man and Beast.

Long he possess'd th'important Post,
By no *besieg'ring* Efforts crost,
At length some brutal States conven'd,
And thought it just to be regain'd;
Projects are form'd, and set on Foot
To reconcile th'Imperial Brute;

At length 'twas urg'd (for grand Debates,
Oft' interpose 'twixt Rival States)
To send an Embassy, and shew
What *mediating* Pow'rs could do:

Not a Dominion under Heav'n,
But what was nam'd to bring things even;
An *Eagle* from the feather'd Race,
tho' some Objected to his Face,
'Cause (*Janus*-like) he look'd two ways.

The Fens and Lakes were next explor'd
To send their tutelary Lord,
The *Frog*, a *Common-Wealthsman* flood,
Much on Priority of Blood,

And

And tho' he own'd no King, cou'd con,
Th' Rebel Rout of *Forty One*.

In *Flora's* Realms they next survey,
The Lilly white, and Tulip gay,
The courtly *Tuip* soon gave place,
And vow'd the Lilly's royal Race,
The Poppies bow'd their Heads, and own'd
Obedience to their King enthron'd;
But all in vain, 'twas judg'd a Flow'r
Of that Preheminnence and Pow'r,
Could scarce be brought to interfere
With Brutes so far below his Care,
Th' Election ceas'd, yet some who knew
The Merit of the Long-ear'd Crew,
Propos'd, and thought it better far,
To chuse the Tribe of *Isachar*;
The Notion took, and not an *Ass*,
But straight had St-tel--n in his Face,
And look'd as arch as any Fiend
With Ears erected to attend,
And tho' he mimick'd ev'ry Grace,
Yet something still betray'd the *Ass*.

The Lion, like a Peast of Sense,
Sent one renown'd for Ign' cence,
Sir *impleton*, an *Ass* of might,
And near related to a Knight,
Who seldom spoke but with Intent,
That few should guess at what he meant.
In solemn Stalk he jogg'd along
Intensible of Right or Wrong.

Vansbinks, the *Ass*, was still employ'd in,
Material Points, and brought from *Leyden*,
Geneva Nostrums and Arcana's
Whirl'd round his Brain with Drums and *Anas*.

Poor *Lansman Hans*, or what d'ye call him
Deduc'd his Lineage from old *Balaam*,
And show'd himself a man of *Ass*,
As ever mumbled French or *Ass*,
And that he understood the Speech,
He prov'd, and bray'd it on his Br---ch;
And as he claim'd a Right of place,
Mouth'd *Blix ends* *Ass* with a Grace.

Fleurette in Sac--rd tal Robe,
Appear'd as patient as a *Job*,
And with a grave and ghostly pride,
Swore strict abhorrence to a bribe,
Yet like a true-bred *Ass* could dance,
The *Louvre*, a la mode de F--nc-e

Th' Assembly met at *Notre Dame*,
But not an *Ass* knew why he came,
and as the Points in Question rose,
this strok'd his Ears, that rub'd his Nose,
For Silence is a Mark of Sense,
and us'd by Fools on each pretence,

and

and least th' affair should quite miscarry,
an Owl was chose for Secretary.

But now their Masters thought it fit,
This Club of *Asses* should retreat,
So sent their Couriers on to stop
Proceedings, and to break them up.
Fame, that has Ears as long as *Asses*,
and snaps at all things as she passes,
Slept in, to o'erhear the grand Debate
twixt wise Supporters of the State,
and make (as usual) her Report
to each respective Pow'r and Court,
the Owl acquainted with the Dame,
Rose, and demanded whence she came,
and how she durst attempt t'intrude
Upon the plodding brotherhood,
the Lady wou'd have feign reply'd,
but still for Reasons was deny'd,
and by the Owl was led along,
Condemn'd to lose her babbling tongue,
Least busy Cant and too much prate
Should open Policies of State,
Which Silence best should regulate.
Since when, no bird, nor beast can tell
th' Enquiries of this learn'd cabal,
but this they know, for plain the Case is,
That as they met, they parted *Asses*.

FINIS

